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RENSSELAER, INDIANA

St. Joseph's Collegian.

Vol. XIV.

Rensselaer, Ind., November 1907.

No. 1.

The Vesper Hour.

① *VESPER* hour, heaven's own power
O'ershadows thee with love divine;
O Father dear, to thee we bear
This hour above all hours Thine.

O holy hour, celestial shower,
All we are or will is thine;
The gentle breeze, the balmy trees,
Must to thee their sweets resign.

Where'er we flee, we raise to Thee
Our hearts, O Father to thy throne;
When o'er earth's plain with solemn mien
Falls this blest hour from heaven's zone.

Then in our hearts that ne'er departs,
A joy that's more than joy has come;
As heaven's Dove, with sweetest love
Joins our low hearts with His as one.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.

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Sorrow is Sympathy's School.

AMONG the qualities inherent in human nature we find sympathy for one's kind to be one of the most marked. As man is a dependent being it is necessary for him to share both his joys and sorrows with his fellow creatures. This tendency of human nature is almost irresistible. Who, for instance, can experience pleasure of any kind without feeling himself drawn to communicate it to others? Why does the little child already acquaint the mother with its every new experience? And does it not take a special effort on our part to keep a good joke to ourselves? How much better we feel when others join in the laugh.

Just so with our sorrows. What relief to tell our troubles and woes to some sympathetic person, be it mother or some confidential friend. The very presence of this universal craving in man argues for its universal remedy, sympathy. But this sympathy will be the greater in proportion to our own need of it; or, in other words, we will sympathize with others in proportion to the sorrow we have ourselves experienced.

Though human nature is variously attuned in different individuals, and although some people's heart strings are naturally more sensitive than those of others, yet it is mainly in the fertile soil of sorrow that the tender flower of sympathy strikes root. The author of "In Memoriam" expresses this beautifully in these lines:—

"The shade by which my life was crossed
Which makes a desert in the mind,
Has made me kindly with my kind."

Wordsworth in like strain said:—

"A deep distress hath humanized my soul."

So we see that it is only when man has been led aside from the road of success and comfort on the by-paths of sorrow and distress, knowing not whither to turn, that he sits down and reflects, and sees how full of misery this world is. And it is by such experience that both he and his fellow creatures profit. He sees how frail a creature man is; how much he needs the assistance and sympathy of others. Often when this help cannot be extended to the sufferer by his fellow creatures he will seek aid from the Helper of all, and is thus led closer to God.

A man that has not met with reverses of some kind or other, though such are rarely to be found, is almost invariably a proud man, and a proud man is always a hard and unsympathetic man. But let the heavy hand of poverty, sickness or shame once bow down that proud head and he will be the richer for it.

"Thou canst not tell
How rich a dowry sorrow gives the soul,
How firm a faith and eagle sight of God,"

some one has said.

When rightly borne, sorrow has an educating influence. It teaches us to sympathize with others, and not only to profit by our own, but also by the experience of others. A noted Russian author, Madame Swetchine, has truly said: "They who have suffered much are like those who know many languages; they have learned to understand all and are understood by all."

Sorrow, therefore, broadens our view of men and things; it raises us, as it were, on an eminence, and there, disturbed by no one, permits us to contemplate the life below. How much we see that we have never yet seen before! How unkindly, unsympathetically people act! And strange enough, their actions are very like so many of ours we used to think fair enough. What a change the storm of sorrow has wrought! The hard, stony soil of nature has been broken and mellowed; the atmosphere purified and chastened.

The mellowing effect of sorrow is well described by Dickens in "David Copperfield":

"Perhaps it's his sorrow," said Peggotty, stroking my hair.

"I am sure, Peggotty, I am sorry too. If I believed it was his sorrow, I should not think of it at all. But it's not that; oh, no, it's not that."

"How do you know it's not that?" said Peggotty after a silence.

"Oh, his sorrow is another and quite a different thing. He is sorry at this moment, sitting by the fireside with Miss Murdstone; but if I was to go in, Peggotty, he would be something besides."

"What would he be?" said Peggotty.

"Angry," I answered, with an involuntary imitation of his dark frown. "If he was only sorry, he wouldn't look at me as he does. I am only sorry, and it makes me feel kinder."

Sorrow is the rain that causes the flower of sympathy, the seed of which is imbedded in every man's heart, to bloom and expand and fill the air with perfume—the perfume of kind and generous deeds. And what a balm it can give to the heartaches of others! How powerful and far-reaching its influence!

It may be stated that as peoples' natures are greatly the result of training, the same holds good of sympathy. But this is only partly so, as that kind of sympathy which one might call polite sympathy, is very similar to the business man's sociability, being rather a matter of words than feeling.

It is difficult to feel for others what we have not felt ourselves, however strong our imagination may be. Sympathy grows strong only by actual and real sorrow, as the following words taken from a great funeral oration will show: "It is by tests like these, sudden, cruel, bewildering, almost overwhelming, that the true quality of our manhood and womanhood is tested. It is by such searching sorrow, penetrating to the very roots of life that our lives are purified of false aims and vanities and jealousies and the meaner passions, and become simpler, nobler, better."

Yet, sorrow has not always this wholesome effect. When the wound is very deep and consolation is not sought at the proper sources, religion and God, it leads to moroseness, selfishness, envy, and even misanthropy. But such are the results only when sorrow is not rightly endured, for C. Cuyler says: "God sometimes washes the eyes of his children with tears in order that they may read aright his providence and his commandments." Again, if sorrow is knowledge, as Byron has defined it, it should be borne bravely and met not altogether reluctantly; for, as every real joy is slightly tinged with sorrow, we must endure the one to enjoy the other. Inasmuch as sorrow gives birth to sympathy, it is the cause of joy, for who has not yet partaken of that pleasurable feeling, that real joy, that accompanies every deed of kindness? It is, in fact, this sympathy, the result of sorrow, that is the source of much of the good in this world, and creates that strong bond of friendship which Scott describes in these words:—

"It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind."

HENRY FRONING, '08.



About that Picture.

"NOW, don't forget to have that picture I ordered brought out for to-night," said Mrs. Wilber to her husband as he left the house for his down-town office. This was only the sixth time since dinner that the worthy gentleman had thus been reminded of his errand, and as he walked toward the "L" station he made all kinds of surmises as to what her ladyship might say if he were to neglect the fulfilment of his task. The Acorn Club was to be entertained by Mrs. Wilber that evening, and the picture was needed to enhance the beauty of the drawing-room wall. He even went so far in trying to remember what he had to do, that in school-boy fashion he tied a string around his finger to call it to mind the better. This brought forth so many why's and wherefore's from his partner, employees, and visitors, and anecdotes about people who used to do likewise, that he tore the thing from his finger in desperation.

At five o'clock Mr. Wilber left the office to see about that picture at Carey's Art Store. As Mr. Wilber entered the store he was greeted with a suave, "What can I do for you, sir?" by one of the clerks. When his errand had been explained, the clerk told him that "Mr. Jones over there has charge of that department". Mr. Jones at this juncture was waiting on a customer who presumedly was "just looking around to-day", and Mr. Wilber was in a nervous state when his turn came. He asked Mr. Jones if the picture could be delivered that evening, but was told that after five o'clock (it was now 5:20 P. M.) no more delivery wagons were sent out, and that consequently it could not be delivered that night. Mr. Wilber faced about and was making his way to the door when Mr. Jones called to him that it would be delivered at the earliest convenience the next morning.

This did not soothe the troubled Mr. Wilber, who was expecting that the clerk had found a means for sending it that evening. He was now thoroughly discomfited. After eyeing the floor for a minute or two, he looked up with a bravado mien and declared that he would carry it himself. The picture was only about 3x4, and indeed made a very nice package about cumbersome enough to be a burden, no matter in what position it was carried. Be that as it may, the abused Wilber lifted the picture from the floor with a look of determination and started for the "L" station. When he was passing the Western Union Telegraph Office on Sixth Street one of the messenger boys on a hurry-up message collided with Mr. Wilber or rather with the picture, and was on his way again before the astonished gentleman could make known his feelings.

So he kept his peace and continued on his weary way toward the station, but there new trouble began. An inquisitive little dog bumped against the picture and sent it to the floor with a gentle thud. Wilber thought, or dreamed, he heard the sound of broken glass; he said nothing, however, but as a kind reminder he booted the poor dog out of the door that was conveniently near. The "oh's and ah's" of the women folks in the assembly at this "awful cruel act" only served to add to his discomfiture. Once in the car he settled down in the smoking apartment for a peaceful smoke. Two newly arrived foreigners jabbering away with great glee arose to leave at one of the stations, and one of them unhappily stumbled against the picture which was leaning on Wilber's knees, arousing him from the sweet dream of peace into which he had fallen. The immigrant tried to excuse himself in broken English and the patient Wilber made attempt to laugh off the accident, but failed miserably. At last he reached his destination without any further misfortune.

When he arrived home he sat down and breathed a deep sigh of relief as he related his troubles about the home-bringing of the picture. Upon examining the picture it was found

that the glass had been broken and that it had suffered several other smaller injuries.

The Acorn Club met in the drawing-room that evening, notwithstanding the absence of the picture, but Mr. Wilber declares that never again will he undertake such an errand, though it be conducive to the practice of patience.

J. M. BOLAND, '09.

Winter.

THEY tell me now, old Winter dear,
That thou art only dark and cold,
And bringest naught of happy cheer,
As thou wert wont to do of old.

That poets love thee now no more,
Because thou givest them no song,
Which they have not sung o'er and o'er,
As if t'were thou that does the wrong.

They shun thy cold and frosty hand,
Thy frowning, awe-inspiring look;
They scorn thy cruel lawless band,
Which deadens ev'ry stream and brook.

We sorrow often shun in life,
Not knowing that it blessings brings,
That it doth sweeten mortal's strife,
And carries joys upon it's wings.

So Winter thou, though dark and drear,
Art but a pass from woe to mirth,
And lessons thine though quite severe,
Are unto us of prizeless worth.

LEO SPORNHAUER, '09.

The Decrease of Prejudice.

WHAT a mighty force in human affairs is prejudice! How it has swayed the destinies of nations as well as individuals! Like a mighty cloud it has hovered over the earth ever since the building of the Tower of Babel, producing a sort of spiritual darkness in which men mistook each other for enemies, that should have been brothers and friends.

True enough, prejudice has decreased. The cloud is no longer as dense and vast as it was in the past, but its shadow is still seen on the earth. It still hangs over the field of history. Certain periods, personages and events are yet viewed in a false light; and it will require many more years until conscientious historians have removed the darkness which was created by the ignorance and animosities of their predecessors.

Of all the forms of prejudice, that which arises on national and religious grounds is perhaps the most potent for evil. How much misery and ruin it has caused! Many of the wars that have afflicted mankind are traceable to this source; and if nations continue to be unfriendly to each other, being gathered as in so many hostile camps, it is largely due to prejudice.

If it had not been for the influence of the Church uniting the nations in one bond of faith and worship, and giving them an international language and a common center, Rome, the Middle Ages would present a still bloodier spectacle of war and strife. While the Church has been influential in uniting mankind and in acquainting the nations with each other, she herself has been the object of the strongest prejudice from the time of the martyrs to the present day. It is painful to contemplate the effect of religious prejudice in the world, especially during the last three hundred years.

No other factor has done so much to disunite men, to obscure the truth, and to retard the progress of mankind.

If we institute an analysis of prejudice, it will be seen to arise from an insufficiency of knowledge. Ignorance begets distrust, which in time ripens into hatred or an aversion for the truth. From this it may be seen what influences may be brought toward eradicating this evil. Before the advance of the light of Christianity and education, this blighting prejudice must flee. It is not in keeping with the spirit of Christianity, which teaches that all men are brothers; and that we must welcome and love all truth is her basic principle. Nothing, then, can be further from the *spirit* of Christianity than that the love for truth be hampered. And as surely as Christianity has within its nature a virtual universality, so surely must the shackles of prejudice be removed from mankind.

Although Christianity has made its influence felt in every nation under the sun, she has not been able to entirely remove the influence of prejudice. Man's knowledge is still limited and his education apt to be narrow. Still linger in his veins the passions that once fired a living hate, and now weaken the bond of charity.

However, the present tendency of man is to be open-minded, to know the truth at all costs. He begins to realize how much is to be said on either side, and that to err is human. In consequence he is more diffident about his own opinions, and more tolerant of the views of others. People are no longer persecuted for advocating truths which are as yet beyond the comprehension of the average man; and as our mental horizon widens, we will be better able to appreciate truth and goodness wherever it appears. History, too, is fast removing false charges, and is clearing her own skirts of errors for which prejudice was responsible.

It is with some satisfaction that we look forward to a time when the grosser forms of prejudice will be eliminated. When we consider the great commercial intercourse which is being pushed forward year by year, and the international laws and regulations; when we think of the intermingling

of the different nationalities, and the influence of extensive travel and still more extensive education, is it not to be hoped that the age is yet to come, in which men will have still broader views, higher ideals, hearts more sympathetic, and minds more hospitable to the truth? Well does Tennyson write:

“Ring out the slowly dying cause,
The ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.”

LEO FAUROT, '10.

A Victim of Sounds.

SOME days ago, as I was out on one of my pedestrian tours, I had both the good fortune, and also ill fortune, of obtaining a night's lodging at an old fashioned farm house. I say, good fortune, for I had an interesting and novel experience; and ill fortune because of the scare which I received, for if any one was ever thoroughly frightened it was I at this very manse.

The way it happened is this. I was pushing my way alone over the rough road, as best I could, for the rain had fallen heavily that afternoon, when I met an old colored man plodding through the mire.

“Hello, Samie!” I called, “how far is it to the next house, or some place to stay over night?”

“What's dat, Massa,” replied the old man.

“I say, where can I find a house or lodging for the night?”

“Dat's right, Massa, gwine to git dark soon.”

I was entertaining much anxiety about the storm which seemed to be regathering in the west, and said: “Answer my question directly, please.”

"Directly den, jest behind da corna in der road tha. But take dis niggah's warnin and doan yu's stop tha. You's sho to hear strange noises 'round dat place at nights."

"Is that all," I said. "Just one of your whims."

"Go 'long with you. Doan you 'spose dis ole niggah kin hear for himself. Dat's the way wid the whites, nobody kin tell'em a thing." And away he went, grumbling to himself.

Foolish nigger, I thought, as I came up to the door of the house indicated, to talk about ghosts in here while that cock is on the chimney to keep watch.

My summons were answered by the servant girl, to whom I briefly stated my condition, and begged admittance. I was ushered into a large parlor, which at one time might have been the scene of untold mirth, but now seemed abandoned to mystery and melancholy.

But it certainly presented a novel sight. Curious relics hung on the wall with the dust of probably a century on them. Muskets from Bunker Hill, buckles, swords, and in fact all the trappings of war and the hunt were to be found; also a sheave of wheat, a stock of corn, and a score or more of mammoth onions, beets, turnips and all the other representatives of the garden patch. Some seemed to have been chosen for their size, other for their peculiar form. The host was gracious, but he was novel too. He scanned me continuously, from head to foot, out of one corner of his large glassy eyes, until he reminded me of a picture I had seen somewhere of Socrates returning to view the earth in the twentieth century and its store of philosophy.

After a short time the host left the room, and I was alone with the servant. Taking advantage of his absence, I chose to take a chair nearer the fire-place, which looked more comfortable than the one I was occupying, as it was not upholstered. The one I had been using was stuffed with corn-husks, and a cob was sticking up very prominently. But upon doing so I was quickly remonstrated with by the servant, who said that I should not tamper with unearthly things.

"'Tis dangerous, Sir."

Upon inquiring as to her meaning I learned a very startling story, which I shall try to relate, as nearly as I can, in her own words.

"When I was but a child my father and mother were servants to a rich old man, Turlaine, who lives in this very house to which you came to-night. But an unlucky stay you'll have, I fear! Oh, how I can remember the old man sitting in that chair, — so peacefully, — smoking his clay pipe. How he used to tell us little children stories,—ghost stories,—too. He believed in ghosts,—yes; and how I would laugh at him for what I then called his foolishness, but now I see my mistake.— Too true he was about 'em, —yes, — too true indeed."

Then she seemed to be lost in thought. After casting several suspicious glances around the room, she continued. "But one evening his son became enraged at his poor old father, I do not know what for. What noise was that!"

"Nothing," I said, "Go on with your story."

"Nothing! well, I thought I heard something."

"I do not know what the trouble was," she repeated, "But he killed him,—yes,—killed his poor father. He was a good man."

At this moment she turned pale as death. "There! I knew I heard a noise," she said, "I knew it." "That's it again."

"No! No! it's only your imagination." I insisted, although I, too, heard a strange uncanny screech. But I had determined to keep calm whatever might happen. I do not mean to intimate that I believe in goblins, but such a strange atmosphere hung over both the house and its inmates that I began to wish I were somewhere else.

"You'll see that it is not imagination," she continued, "you'll see. The wind is high tonight, and as a punishment for the son's foul deed, his father returns on windy nights, and, oh, such a mournful wailing in that chimney, screeching and howling to freeze the blood in your very heart."

She was then interrupted by the call to supper. After a short and uncomfortable repast,—for I was feeling some-

what perturbed after that story,—I was shown to my room

I tried long to fall asleep but I could not. That old man troubled me more than I cared to admit. I kept thinking what I should do if he did come. Would it be best to stay in bed or leave as quickly as possible? The wind was increasing steadily, and every little sound rang through the still house, and reechoed into a thousand dreary footsteps. Then I heard the sound again which had broken in so abruptly on the servant's story, but this time it was louder and more terrifying in the still darkness. Again and again it resounded, each time sharper and longer. Its shrill tone sounded from a dozen corners at once. It was beyond the endurance of human nerves.

At last I could stand it no longer, so I hurriedly left my room and went into the yard. Here I was greeted by, "You wouldn't lisun to me, but the ole niggah gwine to sabe ye yet, child. Come 'long now. Is you skeered?"

"No," I answered, unwilling to admit the truth, I am not afraid, but what was that noise that proceeded from the fire place?

"Doan knaw, Massa, but if you is not skeered you kin climb up da on de house un see. From the way dat sound's comin', de ole boy must be up dar."

I followed the direction the negro indicated, and was surprised to find that Turlaine's successor did not know that weather-cocks need joint grease.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.



Nature's Wooing.

NATURE is a-calling for her loves tonight,
To come out and meet her in the pretty sight,
Which she spreads for mortals of this world so base;
And she bids them follow in celestial space,

That she prearranges with no end in view,
Save the sole enjoyment of her lovers true.

Now's the time to see her in the dewy mist,
As the evening changes to ethereal bliss.

Moonbeams spread the carpet o'er the grassy fields,
Daisies strip its border, and sweet perfume yields
To enchantment perfect, that enhances all
In the magic chambers and the pretty hall,

Through which lovers follow to her chosen nook,
Down beside the woodland and the flowing brook.

Fire-flies gild the lambrequin hanging from the trees
In long, green folds and swaying in the gentle breeze.

Here she tells sweet secrets to them every one
That will heed her challenge and to nature come;
And she loves to woo them as a flower would do,
In the waning morning the departing dew.

And she adds sweet music to the scene so grand,
And rare notes come floating in from every hand:
Harken now, and listen, music's in the air,
Music's in the cornfield, music's everywhere.

Katydid's are singing love songs all the night,
Dancing with the moonbeams in the golden light;
Cows are softly lowing o'er the moonlit plains,
As they nip the grasses lighted by the fire-fly's flame.

Birds are gently peeping in their sleepy bower,
And the chirping cricket sings in the white moon-flower;
Men and beasts are resting, but the sweetest rest
Is to leave men's company, and be nature's guest.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.

Loquacity.

THE moralist enumerates many faults and crimes each of which is the worst for some special reason; but let me decide and say that though it may not be worst, still loquacity is the most molesting. We are to view this statement from several stand-points, for there are as many ways of looking at loquacity as there are talkative people.

For instance, there is the weaker sex, weak at least in this respect. Have you ever heard the good old house-wife express her honest opinion to some tramp? Have you ever heard her give a solid moral treatise on honesty to the boy that stole the apples? Have you ever heard an over-the-back fence talk about the style of the hour or the news of the neighborhood? Or have you ever seen two Xantippes get together and decide about means and ways of stopping their husbands' bad habits of smoking and drinking and of holding late Saturday-night sessions. And now, dear old Socrates, shake hands! I would praise thee up to the seventh heaven. For although thy loving wife, after showing her loquacity, threw the entire contents of the dish-pan upon thee, thou didst not complain but sitting right down, thou didst take a good old hearty laugh and exclaim: "To be sure, I thought it would rain after that thunder-storm." That's what I call virtue! would that I had a wee little smack of it. But oh, I possess it not!

As to feminine loquacity, be assured it is purely and pre-eminently oratorical. It has the correct pitch of voice, the strength, the expression, the gesture and every other feature proper to perfect oratory. In short, woman always knows her subject and knows how to handle it.

But oh, how cruel have I been! I am no woman-hater. No, there are men, young men, students, who can do as much

talking, pumping and criticising as any ten women can. How often was I not overtaken by the same calamity that seized Horace on his stroll down the Via Sacra! How often did I try to take a little walk all by myself, intending to give some time to the quiet recollection of my many and great troubles, when suddenly, up comes some powerful talker and begins a speech, which couldn't be measured by any tape-line. Oh, three times happy and four times is the man who can remain ninety-nine miles away from a talker, and happy beyond measure is he who can remain in his neighborhood and still foster patience and self-control! But woe is me! I possess neither of these blessings. There must I stand and listen whilst another exercises his lungs and displays the strength of his vocal organs. Oh, indeed, you would find it hard to be in such a depth of misery, with no one to pity or console you! Imagine if you can, how miserable it must be to feign the meekness of a lamb, whilst the madness and raving of a wolf is inflamed within you.

You certainly know that an empty barrel when struck gives forth more noise than one that is filled. So it is also with man. The emptiest heads always make the most noise. He who does the most talking usually knows least. It has been truly said: "The head that is loaded with wisdom doesn't leak at the mouth." And that's just what I'm complaining of. A little intellectual intercourse is always welcomed by me with greatest pleasure. But oh, what calamity more dire, than to be forced to stand for three hours in the burning sun and listen to an account of some party or vacation-trip or ball-game! Behold, all that time wasted which might have been more profitably given to the study of Greek or something equally interesting.

And now, what will all my complaining profit me? It's no use crying about spilt milk, that was mostly corn-starch and water anyhow. But I hope, that as my tears have mixed with the ink as I wrote this, so also will the tears of my reader wash away my black complaints. Finally do I hope that if any talker hear of my opinion on loquacity, he will in future stir up implacable hatred and grudge against me in

his heart, and always be on the outs with me, so that also I may joyfully exclaim with the author of old:

“Sic me servavit Apollo.”

A. RITZENTHALER, '08.

Criticism, the Lamp of Genius.

(Delivered October 20, 1907.)

WHEN DEMOSTHENES, that illustrious champion of Athenian liberty, rose for the first time to defend the honor and rights of his fellow-citizens, a storm of insult and abusive censure fell upon him from all sides. His uncomely appearance, harsh voice, and defective delivery was subjected to the sharpest ridicule, and when by dint of earnest labor and unflinching endeavor he had succeeded in freeing himself from these defects, his enemies found still other pretexts to slander his character and belittle his magnanimous deeds. But the great orator did not offer himself an easy victim to their derisive taunts. He remained firm and decided and eventually won the victory. The cruel treatment he received served only to enkindle the flame within him, and banishing himself from society and public affairs, he composed and perfected those soul-stirring masterpieces of eloquence which even to this day stand without an equal. Had he experienced no resistance, had he met with no critics and revilers, it is safe to say he never would have reached that high of eloquence to which he has attained.

From the days of the Grecian orator to the present time, it has been the lot of every great man to be misunderstood, that is, to become the target of undeserved criticism. But like the fire which purifies the precious gold, so criticism proves the sterling quality of those against whom it is directed. How many characters have been strengthened and developed by its power, how often noble aspirations and

great deeds have taken their root in criticism and been fanned into brilliant accomplishments, are indeed interesting facts which we cannot ascertain. When all other incentives and ennobling motives have been crushed by adverse circumstances, the sharp words of criticism have often aroused the mind from its lethargy, and infused renewed strength, ambition and encouragement. They have lit up again, as it were, the way to success and renown. The Lamp of genius and earnest endeavor, indeed!

But too true it is, not every one is able to withstand the painful thrusts of heartless and unmerited criticism. It demands indeed a noble and magnanimous character to turn, like the alchemist's dream of old, the base metal of unfriendly criticism into precious gold of patient effort and heroic achievement. Pure, honest and unalloyed must be the motives of such a man, firmly based on strength of character. Such a disposition is the essential quality to success, and even genius is powerless without it.

That great occasions make great men is a well-known aphorism, and history well reflects its truth. The evils and corruption of the Middle Ages made Gregory the Seventh the greatest of the Popes; the deplorable state of Europe called forth a Napoleon and a Wellington; the Civil War gave us a Lincoln and a Grant. These were all men of infinite genius, but it took critical reverses and stubborn resistance to ignite the magnetic spark that lay concealed within them, and to arouse them to the consciousness of their power and capabilities.

And so it is with every one of us. We know not what we can do until we have been provoked to a determinate effort. Man is a bundle of infinite capabilities. Like Archimedes he can move the earth if he but obtains a foothold, if he can bring his powers and strength into play. To do this is the first as well as the most important end of all education. But often, indeed, taunts and derision alone affords the necessary impulse to awaken the dormant energies of the soul and to manifest the true dignity and worth of character. In how different a light, for instance, would the great Socrates

appear to us, had not the slanderous accusations of his enemies fired his indignation and genius to that memorable defense of his character, transmitted to us in Plato's *Apology*.

And indeed, how many men owe their ultimate success in life to the harsh words of criticism and disapproval which obstructed their path when first they entered upon the road to publicity and fame. When the great Premier of England, Benj. Disraeli, rose to address the House of Commons for the first time, he was overwhelmed with hisses and taunts, and indeed to such a degree that he was forced to discontinue his speech. This severe though unmerited reprehension touched him to the quick, and he answered strongly if not eloquently: "The time will come when you will hear me," a prophecy which his cynical critics saw fulfilled to the letter. And when the illustrious defender of Irish rights, Jack Curran, was opprobriously addressed as 'Orator Mum,' the very sarcasm of the epithet stung him into eloquence, and his triumphant reply won the entire house to his side and completely confounded his revilers. Surely, for these criticism has proved a blessing in disguise; a lamp whose rays shed light and glory on their path, and whose bright effulgence awoke their dormant powers to noble achievements which the pages of history shall ever proclaim.

Though criticism may fire genius and ultimately bring forth good out of evil, the sarcastic critic and fault-finder is far from being a desirable individual. For there are critics and critics. The one criticises because of his devotion to the truth and the good of his neighbor, the other because he has venom in his heart. For the latter we offer no apology. It is a curious fact that of the some 700 characters which the great Shakespeare has delineated, he found only one whom he ventured to make a critic. Macbeth is bloody and ambitious, Shylock greedy and unmerciful, Richard III. a veritable monster of iniquity and crime; but only the despicable Iago could say: "I am nothing, if not critical."

In this age of incompetent criticism when no one considers himself too ignorant to volunteer an opinion, it is well

to know what authority is to be accorded to critics. To that which is base and groundless we should be indifferent, but delicately sensitive to that which is just and helpful. Human society is one grand clock-work of which the separate individuals are the wheels and cogs, the lamp of criticism the regulator. Now if one of these parts deviates from its assigned path, the whole mechanism revolts and is thrown into disorder. And so with men: when they encroach on the common rights of others, or proceed too far in any one direction, discord is the inevitable result. Then it is that criticism can and does accomplish wonders.

From these considerations it becomes apparent how valuable and beneficial are the results which wholesome criticism is able to effect. The most eminent in every walk of life have indeed respected the candid opinions and judgments of others, but have never permitted themselves to be overwhelmed by the howls of arrogant fault-finders and chronic kickers. Criticism has been their never-failing search-light in the pursuit of knowledge and truth, their index to character, their test of fitness and adaptability. Surely, then, we too, should make the best of criticism, and turn to good account what is apparently for our harm.

BERNARD J. CONDON, '08.

Getting Up.

There's one thing that I hate to do
And that's to go to bed;
Makes no difference how tired I is,
Or droops my weary head.
This seems mighty tough at times,
But a worser tale's to tell,
Of how my Pa wakes me at morn,
Which he can do so well.

C. L., '11.

St. Joseph's Collegian.

Published by St. Joseph's College;

Edited bi-monthly by the Students.

Subscription, one dollar per annum.

Single copy 20 cents.

All letters and communications should be addressed:

THE COLLEGIAN, COLLEGEVILLE, IND.

Entered at the Post-Office, Collegeville, Ind. as second class matter.

STAFF.

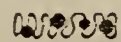
BERNARD J. CONDON, '08, Editor.

Raphael F. Donnelly, '09, Exchanges.	Leo Faurot, '10,	} Locals.
Louis M. Nageleisen, '09, Societies.	Leo Spornhauer, '10,	
Joseph M. Boland, '09, Athletics.	Alb. Ritzenthaler, '08,	

Editorials.

THE opening of a new scholastic year naturally brings serious thoughts to many students, but in a special and most significant manner to those upon whom it devolves to edit the College Journal. That it is far from an easy task to put forth a respectable paper, which in some degree, at least, shall be worthy of our Alma Mater, no one possessing the slightest experience will attempt to deny. But others have gone before us and conquered seemingly insurmountable obstacles, so we are encouraged to do the same, and even more, if duty should demand it.

Many new and cheering faces are seen in our ranks, but we cannot forget those whom we no longer number among our fellow-students and co-laborers. Accordingly, this year's staff has more than an ordinary amount of difficulties to overcome, for aside from the fact that only two members of the Staff of '07 have returned, the reserve fund upon which it is supposed to draw has likewise been weakened and diminished. But the spirit and good will of the present staff-members, we fondly believe, will amply compensate for this unexpected setback. With brave hearts and high ideals let us bravely push on, and make the Collegian of 1907-08 a delightful and conscientious task for ourselves, as also an honor and joy for our fellow-students and readers.

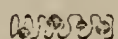


AND NOW A FEW WORDS personally to you, our fellow-students and classmates. What is your idea of the *Collegian* and what do you consider your duty towards it? To read it simply, or perhaps merely glance over its pages, and then exhibit your supreme powers of criticism by hunting out every little fault or peculiar expression that does not quite agree with your taste, and making a brilliant display of your otherwise taciturn eloquence? No, far different we hope will be your attitude and sentiments.

If the *Collegian* is to maintain its standard of excellence, and continue to truthfully reflect the College tone and spirit, it can do so only through the earnest co-operation of each and every student. When you are called upon to assist in its publication, put forth your best efforts, — for nothing is *too* good for your College Journal — and let the earnestness and perfection of your work be the mirror of your willingness to gladly perform that which should be considered the first and noblest duty of every academic student, viz., to write for their College Paper.

And this, surely, is a duty incumbent upon you. You cannot expect the staff to compose the entire journal, and even if they could and would your own sense of duty should forbid it. The *Collegian* is the index of the student-body, and

as such should represent the majority of them, whenever it appears. Each of the higher classes should have its representative in every issue, Normals and Commercial not excepted. Surely, you have an interesting story or a simple tale that would delight us all. Why not clothe it in befitting language and share it with others by submitting it to the editors of *the Collegian*? No barrier obstructs your access to its pages; you have no excuses to advance other than your own culpable neglect, if your efforts have not yet received sufficient acknowledgment. So take up your pens, Sophs, Freshmen, Commercial and Normals, and show your loyal spirit as well as your appreciating of the privileges which the *Collegian* offers for cultivating your powers of expression.



AN OLD ADAGE SAYS: In the lexicon of youth, there is no such word as "fail"; but some students that we know of substitute for it the phrase, "I have no time."

Peculiar indeed is the great office these four little words perform in the life and actions of many students. They serve like a magic wand to put to flight the very thoughts of making a determinate effort in any movement not necessarily embraced in their daily class routine. And curiously enough, those who most frequently avail themselves of the mysterious power connected with this charm, are invariably those who do the least in their classes. The shell of this poor excuse, however, is often so thin that it demands no extraordinary amount of intelligence to pierce it. As a rule, it is simply a dignified way of expressing unwillingness and inability. But a student who really has an aim and object in view, will not attempt to shirk duty by such a makeshift excuse. "Try to be something in this world, and you will be something," says one of our esteemed contemporaries, "aim at excellence, and excellence will be attained. This is the great secret of success and eminence. 'I cannot do,' 'I have no time' never accomplished anything; 'I will try' has wrought wonders."

WITH GREAT SOLEMNITY and enthusiasm the Diocese of Ft. Wayne appropriately observed its Golden Jubilee on Sept. 22, 1907. The fifty long and eventful years which have elapsed since the creation of the diocese are a struggling but truly illustrious past. The efficient work which has been performed together with the rich harvest it has yielded, is surely a source of great joy and felicitation to the diocesan clergy and laity, and especially to our present learned and energetic ordinary, Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, D. D.

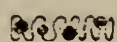
From a Catholic population of 20 000 in 1857, the diocese has grown, till now 90 000 Catholic hearts and 195 devoted members of the clergy stand strongly united with their Rt. Rev. Bishop ready to promote the cause of truth and religion. Surely, a glowing tribute to the zeal and God-fearing spirit of those silver-locked pioneers, and to the Reverend clergy of to-day, who are so nobly fulfilling the work of the Master. Long may their years be here on earth, and great the crown that awaits them hereafter.



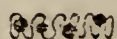
NOT MANY PEOPLE were surprised when Walter Wellman announced the failure of his expedition to the North Pole. In sympathy for the daring explorer and his companions few wished him to start on his perilous voyage and were glad that he had to desist before it was fairly begun. If people were convinced — what not a few seem to suspect — that Mr. Wellman is not looking for the North Pole so much as for his own glory and that of the *Record-Herald*, they would give him small sympathy. But no matter, how unfeasible the project may be, or how unworthy the motives of the parties concerned it cannot be denied that it affords a magnificent spectacle, which cannot fail to inspire the world. The undertaking has an almost epic grandeur and sublimity. It reminds one of the old tales of folk-lore, in which we were told of the great knights and kings who launched their barks on the unfurrowed deep in quest of fabulous lands and bold adventure. If successful, Walter Wellman would for all time to come take rank among the world's greatest heroes.

PRESIDENT JOHN MURRAY BUTLER of Columbia University has given the following five tests of an educated man, which we believe will be pondered with profit by college students:—

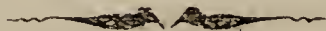
1. "Correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue.
2. Those refined and gentle manners which are the expression of fixed habits of thought and action.
3. The power and habit of reflection.
4. The power of intellectual growth.
5. Efficiency, the power to do."



WE EXTEND A MOST CORDIAL and respectful welcome to our new professors, Rev. Meinrad Koester, C.PP.S., and Rev. John Toujas. Both have already endeared themselves to the students by their ability and geniality, and we hope that they will remain with us for many years.



TO MR. HENRY FRONING, '08, we likewise extend our sincerest good wishes for success in his chosen profession. Mr. Froning, who was following a post-graduate in the Normal department, was called away to fill a vacancy in the High School of Minster, Ohio. While we regret exceedingly the loss of a capable and devoted student, and a faithful contributor to the "Collegian," we wish to assure Mr. Froning of our esteem and cordial good wishes.



Exchanges.

IT seems a rather difficult task to fill the "Easy-chair" of our predecessor. One feels so small. However, there is some encouragement in the thought that we are still young and growing. At least, we are willing to grow. Seated, then, in the ex-man's chair, and with optimistic spectacles, we begin our work of Exchange-editor. But before giving forth the fruits of our first investigation, we will briefly say that we are free from any encumbrances and obligations, having no axes to grind, nor a policy to maintain, and that whatever shortcomings our criticism may have, we wish it to be candid.

The BLUE AND WHITE, an old acquaintance from sunny climes was the first to greet us this fall. Its neat external appearance harmonizes beautifully with the interior. The "Pros and Cons" of College Athletics is a short though logical exposition of the subject. As this question has oft been debated, the author had a good supply of argumentative material. "The Mad Hermit" is a well written short story, especially commendable for its description; but the plot is not sufficiently interesting or intricate. Then, too, this number contained a short-story of an altogether different hue—"A Corner in Politics." It is more lively than its companion, and the conception and dialogue are also noteworthy. The end, however, is too abrupt and not sufficiently prepared.

THE YOUNG EAGLE made its initial flight after a long vacation, and with the usual whirring of its wings entered our sanctum ceremoniously. As an introduction, it narrated "Our Pilgrim" in pleasing diction set off with beautiful description. In simple but direct language it told us of "A

Devoted Father of His People," another uncrowned hero in the vineyard of Christ. However, its short-story "The Fish Law," in common with most "fish stories", has a plot which will eventually die of over-attention. After hearing half the story we divined the outcome and the interest languished. We were disappointed when it had no word from the exchange-editor. The pleasing variety contained in this as in many preceding numbers is particularly worthy of note.

Scarcely had we seated ourselves comfortably, when the S. V. C. INDEX renewed its acquaintance. In a short and delightful poem it bespoke its "Best Wishes." That your optimistic yearnings so nicely expressed may be fulfilled, is our sincere hope. But the cheerful strain of this first piece was not prevalent throughout, as we had anticipated. After having read the three essays, respectively, "The Unselfish Citizen," "The Educated Citizen" and "The Honest Citizen," we unconsciously called the role of American citizens, to inquire how many possessed these combined qualities. While these essays show the fruit of much consideration and are well written, they are unduly heavy, at least for a college journal.

The PITTSBURG COLLEGE JOURNAL, after its trip from the Alleghanies, paid us the regular visit a few days before the arrival of Jack Frost. "A Plea For Arbitration," a worthy theme forcefully treated, is the only commendable literary contribution of this number. "Tuberculosis," should find a resting place in the archives of a medical practitioner but not in a collegiate magazine. "Journalism in Ancient Rome" is too strictly expository, and evidently mere history in a condensed form. "Evening Muses" would have been more appropriate if garbed in the dress of poetry, but as prose-poetry is always pleasing we need not censure its appearance. That fiction is a hard problem for the college journal is very apparent in this issue. Its only attempt, "A Mistake of Absent-Minded Nancy," were it not for its ludicrous effect, would be inconspicuous for anything. This being the first production after that period of mental inertia—

vacation—indeed, it would be unjust to judge your literary standard by the present issue.

In seeming conformity with the times, *THE DIAL* conservative of conservatives, at least in the matter of dress, has at last donned new attire. Truly, your cover-page is the creation of an artist. Even the horologue seems pleased at your decision of the long discussed debate "Ever (to change)" "Never (to change)". As a change for the better is always commendable, your new cover-design will no doubt excite favorable comment throughout Exdom.

LORETTINE, what music in its sound. Accept our hearty congratulations for the selection of such a beautiful name.

A number of Catholic papers are also on our desk; especially, "The Columbian-Record," "The Telegraph," "The New World," "The Universe," "The Church Progress" and "The Boston Pilot." To all we are thankful for their visits, because they not only provide entertaining but also instructive reading. Our attitude toward them is that of a loving pupil toward his teacher, and we shall spend many a happy hour in their company.

Our welcome visitors from across the way, the "MESSENGER" and "BOTSCHAFTER", have arrived for the month of November. As usual, both contain a pleasing variety of reading matter that is at once instructive and entertaining. Although of a serious tone and modest appearance, these two monthlies have won for themselves a host of friends by their sterling worth and thorough Catholicity. They are popular in the best sense of the term. Ever faithful to the purpose for which they were founded, the cause of the Most Precious Blood and the Poor Souls in Purgatory and the Instruction of the Faithful, they fill a distinct want, and deserve to enter into every home of the land.

We congratulate the present editor on the ability, with which he has edited, almost unassisted, these two magazines for the last four years, each month pouring forth from the treasure of his knowledge and experience things both old and new.

The November number contains a deeply-felt poem "An All Soul's Day," and a number of well written articles: "Oh, the Poor Souls!" "The Mysterious River of the City of God (The Precious Blood)," "The Episcopal Visitation of the Dead," "What is a Day," "The Scope of the New Syllabus," "The Finding of a Prayer-book and Its Results" (story), "The Eucharistic Congress at Metz," "Big Abe." The last named is one of the finest stories, if not the very best, that have recently appeared in the magazines. The Editorials are always timely and to the point.

The German magazine, "DER BOTSCHAFTER", is no less interesting, though entirely different in contents.

We wish the devoted editor many more years of usefulness in the grand field of Catholic journalism.

Our esteemed exchanges from town the RENSSELAER REPUBLICAN, THE DEMOCRAT, and the JOURNAL, have also been very faithful in their visits, and we assure them that their kindness is much appreciated.

We also gladly acknowledge the receipt of "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "Fordham Monthly," "Niagara Index," "St. John's University Record," "S. V. C. Journal," "Purple and White," "The Solanian," "The Schoolman," "St. Mary's Messenger," "The Nazarene," "The St. Ignatius Collegian," "The Agnetian Monthly," "St. Mary's Sentinel," "The Institute Echoes," "The Abbey Student," "The Morning Star," "S. V. C. Student," and "The Mountaineer."

Societies.

THE opening of the new scholastic year saw the resumption of activities of the College societies and organizations. Considerable interest has been manifested in these matters, and it is a pleasure to review the work of the first two months.

Columbian Literary Society. Recalling the high degree of advancement attained by last year's society, and its grand termination in the play "Alexander III," the Columbians have taken up their work this year with renewed vigor and fond hopes of outdoing former successes.

It is again our pleasure to have Rev. Ildephonse Rapp for our moderator, and all faithful Columbians give him a welcome hand and hearty promises of cooperation through the year's work.

On Oct. 6, the society held its second regular meeting, which proved to be quite entertaining. After all ordinary business had been transacted, the election of officers followed. Remarkably smooth order accompanied the proceedings, and we are to be complimented on our happy choice of competent men. The election resulted as follows: President, Mr. Bernard Condon; Vice President, Mr. Thomas Quinlan; Secretary, Mr. Daniel McShane; Treasurer, Mr. Albert Hoffman; Critic, Mr. Joseph Boland; Marshal, Mr. Henry Buescher; Executive Committee, Mr. Leo Faurot, Mr. Vincent Williams, and Mr. Linus Hildebrand; Advisory Board, Messrs. Thomas Quinlan, Bernard Condon, Joseph Dahlinghaus, Theodore Koenn, and Louis Nageleisen.

Mr. E. P. Honan, our Parliamentary Law teacher, was present, and after speaking a few words of encouragement to the new officers, he briefly outlined his plans for the year and stated his willingness to lend all possible help for our personal advancement.

The society's list of membership has increased this year by the enrollment of twenty-nine new members. They are the following: C. Staib, J. Bennet, H. Grimmelsman, O. Peters, L. Walker, L. Blottman, J. Hipskind, A. Spangler, J. Trench, J. Bankemper, A. Berghoff, M. Coughlin, A. Link, F. Seifert, P. Froning, S. Reichert, J. Nageleisen, F. Striegel, W. Hanley, C. Condon, A. Gerhardstein, V. Wagner, R. Kuntz, J. Kreutzer, J. Kraft, F. DeCurtins, R. Carmody, J. Manion, H. Schmall.

On October 13, the Columbians appeared for the first time in private. Though short, the program evidenced the usual society spirit and was thoroughly enjoyable. These are the different numbers:

Song, (The Miller) O. Muehlenbrink; Essay, L. Hildebrand; Declamation, M. Green; Comical Selection, R. Donnelly; Oration, F. Notheis; Song, O. Muehlenbrink; Essay, L. Heckman; Humorous Selection, A. Besinger.

On October 20, the Columbians acquitted themselves with great credit in the following public program:

1. Music, "Tyrolene Redowa" Orchestra.
2. Inaugural Address: "Criticism, the Lamp of Genius"....B. Condon.
3. Humorous Selection: "Sockery Kadocut's Kat".....H. Berghoff.
4. Music: "Adieu to Dear Home".....Orchestra.
5. Debate: "Resolved, That Athletics should form a Part of every Education".....Affirmative, L. Spornhauer; Neg. J. Dahlinghaus.
6. Chorus: "Kentucky Babe"..... Select Choir.
7. Declamation: "Napoleon".....F. Notheis,
8. Music: "Woodbird Polka".....Orchestra.
9. Dramatic Recitation: "A Maniac's Confession"...O. Muehlenbrink,

The program is deserving of more than passing comment. In his inaugural address, Mr. Bernard Condon held the audience in full attention by his impressive mode of speaking and by the grand thoughts reflected throughout his excellent composition. The debate, which was decided in favor of the negative, though lacking in force, was still enjoyable, since it dealt with an interesting topic. Mr. H. Berghoff created a great amount of laughter in the audience with his comic pose, and Mr. F. Notheis, "the sedate," captured the audience with his grand oratorical style. The program was inter-

spersed with very fine music by the Orchestra, and as a grand conclusion Mr. Otto Muehlenbrink presented "A Maniac's Confession," which proved the "hit" of the evening.

It is well to state here that the Columbians will render a play styled "The Lost Heir" or "Abbe L'Epee," on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. The play is in three acts, with the scene laid in Toulouse, France. No pains will be spared to make it a success, and we are sure to offer a good evening's enjoyment to visiting friends and relatives.

The Cast is as follows:

Abbe L'Epee	Wm. Hanley.
Julius, Count of Solar, (A Deaf-mute under the name of Theodore... ..)	L. Dufrane.
Darlemont, his Guardian and Maternal Uncle,	O. Muehlenbrink.
St. Alme, Darlemont's Son, a Lawyer.....	J. Nageleisen.
Frauval, Senior.....	J. Dahlinghaus.
Frauval, Junior, a Lawyer	B. Condon.
Dupree, an aged servant.....	C. Staib.
Dubois, a waiting man.....	A. Hoffman.
Dominic, an aged servant of Frauval.....	F. Notheis.
Martin, formerly doorkeeper of the Old Count..	P. Froning.

Aloysian Literary Society. Following the example of the Columbians, the Aloysians have also entered upon the year's work with a good increase of new members. At a meeting held September 15, the society was introduced to Rev. Fr. Meinrad Koester as their future moderator. They regret the loss of so able a man as Fr. Ildephonse, but pledge their response to the new moderator, and feel confident of success. The following staff of officers was elected: President, George Lang; Vice-President, Herman Engbrecht; Secretary, Leon Dufrane; Treasurer, Otto Birkmeier; Marshal, Aloysius Copenolle; Librarian, Fred Forstoefel; Ex. Committee, Francis Schick, (Chairman), Richard Williams, (1st Asst.), Otto Stallkamp, (2nd Asst.); Supervisor of Reading Room, Leo McGurren.

A private program consisting of fifteen numbers was given on October 19. The society is at present busy preparing for the rendition of a public program on December 8.

St. Xavier German Literary Society. From the work accomplished so far the society holds high hopes for a prosperous year. The work of revising the Constitution, which was taken up in May, is still in progress.

The society has also been strengthened by the large increase of some twenty-five members, and under the able guidance of Rev. Fr. Simon Kuhnmuensch many excellent programs will undoubtedly be forthcoming.

At a meeting held September 29, the following officers were elected: President, E. Olberding; Vice-President, B. Condon; Secretary, T. Koenn; Critic, L. Hildebrand; Marshal, J. Metzner; Librarian, C. Crock; Ex. Committee: B. Condon, A. Scherrieb, F. Lippert.

The Marian Sodality. The sodality held its first meeting on the Feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin, October 13. Rev. Fr. Meinrad, appointed to succeed Rev. Fr. Bartholomew, opened the meeting, after which followed the election of officers resulting in the choice of Raphael Donnelly as Prefect; I. Asst. Prefect, Bernard Condon; II. Asst. Prefect, Thomas Quinlan. At a private meeting of these officers, Mr. E. Olberding was appointed Secretary, and the following were named as Consultors: J. Boland, A. Hoffman, G. Lang, P. McFall, A. Copenolle, G. Bertha, R. Mecklenborg, A. Scherrieb, F. Schaeper and Charles Condon.

The new members will be solemnly admitted into the society on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, after the usual time of probation.

League of the Holy Name. Sunday, the Feast of the Holy Rosary saw the organization of the new "League of the Holy Name."

Its object is to foster due honor and respect among the students for the "Holy Name." The promoters are indeed happy to note that all the students without exception willingly signed their names to promise solemnly, as members of the "League," that while at college, they would refrain from the abuse of the "Holy Name," and would as far as it is in their power prevent its abuse.

St. Stanislas Altar Society. The little body of Mass servers reorganized again with their Rev. Moderator, Fr. Simon Kuhnmuench, and are new in full readiness to lend their needful assistance at the altar.

At a meeting held September 21, the following officers were elected: President, L. Dufrane; Vice-President, F. Forstoeffel; Secretary, R. Mecklenborg; Censor, P. Heerman; Serg. at Arms, G. Paradis.

In addition to the officers, the society holds the following members: J. Sheehan, C. Grathwohl, F. Marcotte, G. Bertha, L. Reif, R. Stover, F. Coffield, R. Williams, C. Cassidy, J. Eason, L. McKindley, A. Kistner, J. Noonan, G. Stepp.

The Caecilian Society. With Rev. Fr. John Toujas as director, the society has again resumed practice for the ensuing term, with more than ordinary enthusiasm. Some of the new members have excellent voices, which they should be glad to employ at divine service. Thus far the new Choral (Solesmes or Vatican Edition) has chiefly claimed their attention.

Select Choir. This choir, which is a new feature in college amusements, is likewise directed by Rev. Fr. John Toujas. It is their aim to practice quartets and other compositions for rendition at the various College entertainments. Judging from its list of members, we may expect some good things from them.

I. Tenor..... {	Leo Faurot.	II. Tenor {	J. Boland.
	H. Buescher.		E. Ruzckowski.
I. Bass {	W. Franze.	II. Bass..... {	C. Staib.
	T. Quinlan.		O. Muehlenbrink
	L. Nageleisen.		H. Berghoff.

Concordia. Under the directorship of Rev. Fr. Simon Kuhnmuench, the German singers are keeping things moving, in order to provide plenty of music for the programs of the German Society.

They have formed an active society with Mr. F. Lippert as President and Mr. Leo Spornhauer as Secretary.

At present the society has as members:

I, Tenor.....	{	Fred Lippert. Frank Striegel. Henry Post.	II. Tenor.....	{	T. Koenn. B. Condon. J. McIntyre.
I. Bass	{	L. Spornhauer. A. Scherrieb. D. Durler. R. Kuntz.	II. Bass.....	{	L. Hildebrand. V. Wagner. Ch. Bauer. C. Crock. J. Tekath.

St. Joseph's College Batallion. After the announcement of a recess day on October 1, Major Louis Nageleisen lined up a company of old privates to enter in a competitive drill for officers. The company was under command of Adjutant Vincent Williams, assisted by Captain Daniel McShane, Raphael F. Donnelly and Joseph M. Boland. The drill resulted in the promotion of eleven men. Immediately following this, four companies were organized as follows:

Company A.

D. McShane.....Capt.
C. Stoll.....1st Lieut.
F. Seifert.....2nd Lieut.
B. Voors.....1st Sergeant.
O. Birkmeier.....2nd Sergeant.

Company B.

R. Donnelly... Capt.
G. Hasser.....1st Lieut.
H. Berghoff.....2nd Lieut.
W. Dowling.....1st Sergeant.
J. Bennett.....2nd Sergeant.

Company C.

J. Boland.....Capt.
M. Green.....1st Lieut.
R. Stallkamp2nd Lieut.
J. Dahlinghaus.....1st Sergeant.
A. Hoffman.....2nd Sergeant.

Company D.

J. Nageleisen.....Capt.
F. DeCurtins.....1st Lieut.
O. Muehlenbrink.....2nd Lieut.
E. McSweeney.....1st Sergeant.
L. Heckman.....2nd Sergeant.

At present the staff is busily engaged in preparing a Batallion Drill for Thanksgiving Day, and this new feature is expected to figure greatly in the day's program, and surprise the visitors with a grand treat.

Raleigh Jolly Smoking Club. Aside from the daily habit of indulging in the pleasant diversion of watching the blue cloudlets, the Club has also been active in the careful arrangement of a three degree initiation ritual.

The first degree underwent an excellent trial Sunday evening, September 29, when sixteen anxious hearted smokers were triumphantly admitted. The arrangement of the second and third degrees is now in progress, and in a short time the trembling pleasure seekers will again be humiliated before their smoking comrades to be, and their esteemed future rulers.

On Sunday, September 17, the Club held the following election: President, Thomas Quinlan; Vice-President, Henry Froning; Secretary, J. M. Boland; Marshal, H. Berghoff.

Owing to Mr. Froning's withdrawal from College circles, Mr. R. F. Donnelly was elected to succeed him.

Obituary.

It is our sad duty to chronicle in this number the death of two fellow-students, which took place during vacation.

Mr. Raphael Black of Terre Haute, Ind., fell victim to a painful railroad accident and died shortly after from the effects of his injuries.

ON AUG. 9, the cold hand of death again snatched a beloved friend from our midst. Mr. Peter Koenn '10, a classical student studying for the priesthood with the intention of joining the Precious Blood Community, died at St. Anne's Hospital, Chicago, after a lingering attack of tuberculosis.

To the afflicted parents, relatives and friends of the deceased, the Collegian and students extend their sincerest sympathy.

R. I. P.

In the Library.

The Catholic Church and Modern Christianity, by Bernard J. Otten, S. J. Retail Price \$0.25. Per Doz. \$2.25. B. Herder, 17 Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

This little book deals with topics, which, in an age like ours, are of great interest to all classes. Such are: Naturalism, the Blight of the Age; Faith and Science; The Church and Free-thought; Toleration and Intolerance; The Catholic Church and the Bible; The Catholic Church and Education.

On these topics Father Otten writes most clearly and charmingly. While endeavoring to be simple and direct, he enters deeply into his subjects, removing misunderstandings and setting forth the truth in all its beauty. Of his style, it may be said, as of Cardinal Newman's, that it is "winning." Father Otten's learning is only equaled by his gentleness and charity. This book will be read with intense satisfaction by all.

E. O., '08.

The Holy Hour of Adoration. Compiled by the Rt. Rev. William Stang, D.D., Bishop of Fall River. Benziger Bros. Price \$0.50.

An agreeable surprise, indeed, to receive a book written by one who has already passed out of our midst. At the time of his death, the Catholic press bore witness to the sweet piety and priestly zeal of the noble bishop of Fall River, and in this book of Prayer we have another evidence of it. It is an excellent compilation of prayers, that will satisfy the heart and mind for that ever growing devotion, The Holy Hour of Adoration. We are sure that one who loves to spend an hour before the Blessed Sacrament, would wish to have this book, were he acquainted with it. It contains the official prayers of the Church in Latin and English, and a variety of other prayers, hymns and litanies. The appearance, binding, etc. of the little book reflect great credit upon the publishers.

When Love is Strong, by Grace Keon. Benziger Bros. Price \$1.25.

This book should certainly meet with a large sale. From a literary stand-point it ranks higher than many of the sensational novels of today that are being devoured by millions of readers. But it is, to say the least, very doubtful whether it would satisfy the cravings of our modern reading public. It is the old story. Here is a clean and still very interesting story, call it love story if you will, but one in which the love-making is pure and clean and of the strongest kind withal. It is a story with a well-conceived plot in which love, embezzlement, false suspicion and finally the self-confession play the main parts. The characters are well drawn, particularly Mr. Wentworth, the scientist, who, though entirely devoted to his studies, being just then engrossed in the study of a Western wheat bug, is nevertheless very sociable, a kind husband and a solicitous father. All in all, the story will prove a delightful pastime for any one whose mind is not depraved. There is certainly no excuse for the Catholic novel reader to reach for forbidden fruit when he has such a readable book at his disposal. G. H.

A Mirror of Shalott, Being a Collection of Tales Told at an Unprofessional Symposium. By Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. Benziger Bros. Price \$1.25.

The author of this remarkable collection of tales, a recent convert from Anglicanism, is a remarkably gifted man, who is as much at home in the world of the soul as the physician in that of the body. That he is a gifted soul, for whom God may have great work to do, all will admit who have read his recent "History of My Conversion," in the "AVE MARIA." These tales, presumably founded on fact, deal with spiritual phenomena from the lives of saints and sinners, and have an extraordinary interest for all, especially for students of psychology and directors of souls. They are spiritual in the true sense, and cannot fail to produce a powerful impression on all.

A Trip to Nicaragua, by Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$0.45.

This is an interesting story of the early days of the Spanish Explorers, dealing with the expedition of a certain captain, Gil Gonsalez, into the interior of Central America. It is full of the life and enthusiasm of those days. Father Spillman writes with a view to give his readers some interesting information about the country and its people, and the conditions prevailing at that time, and to impress some important lessons through the medium of fiction. He succeeds very well in both. It is excellent reading matter, for the young, particularly, and we perused the book with great interest. The translation, however, is by no means faultless.

The Mystery of Cleverly. A story for Boys, by George Barton. Benziger Bros. Price \$0.85.

With much pleasure we perused "The Mystery of Cleverly," a charming story of a plucky self-made American youth. As the title indicates, there is a deep, perplexing mystery connected with the story, the solving of which devolves upon the hero. How he succeeds in clearing up the mystery and incidentally purges the memory of his dead father from a blot, is most skillfully told. The story cannot but appeal to all lovers of the sterling virile nature of a true boy.

Is Our Religion as Good as Another? By the Rev. J. McLaughlin. Edited by Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D. Thos. J. Flynn & Co., 64 Esser St., Boston, Publishers.

In as much as this little work is written in a calm and readable style, and sets forth the arguments very convincingly and impressively, it conforms admirably to the requirements of a popular work on Religion. Indeed, it is a pleasure to read it. The author is so luminous and logical and at the same time so gentle and charitable, serving no other interests than those of truth and the welfare of immortal souls, that he cannot fail to win the hearts and minds of his readers. We know of no better book on this important subject than this one.

The Protestant Reformation, by Rev. Charles Coppen, S. J. Price retail \$0.15, cloth \$0.40. B. Herder, St. Louis.

This little book contains a series of papers that are admirably written, on the Reformation, its rise and spread in the various countries, and on the men responsible for this great movement. While the author cannot take more than a rapid survey over these times, he does so in such a masterful manner, that the reader is much instructed. He speaks as a teacher of history would who understands his subject most thoroughly, and can therefore say much in a few remarks. Father Coppen writes calmly and luminously, and this little book, which really contains *MULTUM IN PARVO*, will be profitably read by all.

Cousin Wilhelmina, by Anna T. Sadlier. B. Herder. Price \$1.00.

The scene of this charming story is laid in "great feverish Gotham," where Arthur Preston was a favorite in social circles. At the age of thirty-five Arthur feared that he was "growing old and crusty." Although gifted with a fine taste in art and music, sympathetic, genial and polished, he mocked at the tender passion and disbelieved in romantic attachments.

After several perplexing experiences in solving the mystery of the portrait he becomes disabused of his notions; the fire of romance is enkindled in his heart by the intelligent, accomplished, amiable and charitable young heroine.

An admirable blending of the ideal and the real, a deep human interest, a gratifying absence of irrelevant episodes and superfluous characters, a crystal, fluent, unaffected style enriched with appropriate classical allusions, are notable features of the work.

This story of a chivalrous lover and of the fascinating Wilhelmina is one well worth the reading. The many touching pictures will long linger in the memory, and will tend to uplift and purify through the lessons of prayer, charity and gratitude.

N.G.

The New Testament. With two maps. Wildermann and Co. 17 Barclay st., N. Y. Price \$.25.

We hail with pleasure this new edition of the New Testament for popular use, for we think it is superior in many respects to preceding pocket-form editions. It is printed on excellent paper in clear beautiful type, well bound and of a convenient size. In this age of books everyone should have in his possession the Bible, at least the New Testament. One should be familiar with at least this part of Holy Scripture, and, besides, what is there more consoling and instructive than the reading of the Gospels, Acts and Epistles, and how can the time be better spent than with our Lord and His Apostles? It was for these reasons and many others, that Leo XIII. granted to all the faithful who devoutly read the Scripture for at least a quarter of an hour an indulgence of three hundred days to be gained once a day. Considering the excellence and low price of this edition, there is good reason to hope that it will contribute not a little to spread the reading of the Scriptures.

The Catholic Home Annual for 1908. Benziger Bros. Price \$0.25.

Here is something you must not fail to get even though you have other reading matter in plenty, the Catholic Home Annual. If he has visited you in the past years, you will rejoice at his reappearance; if not, you must make his acquaintance at once. He will prove to you and to every member of your family a valued friend and entertainer whose company you will very much enjoy. He comes again this year, brimful of entertaining and instructive things, short stories, essays and reading matter of every sort. Turning the pages, your eyes will rest also on many a beautiful picture. We congratulate the publishers on this Almanac. The tone and atmosphere is thoroughly Catholic and the articles are beautifully written, and timely in the full sense of the word.

Athletics.

THE Athletic Association after the successful initiative of last year, has been launched again with a most pleasing prospect for another year of successes. Last year the Association bark passed over with safety the shoals and bravely rode the occasional billows which chanced upon its course, and finished the first voyage with colors flying. This year we begin our work with renewed vigor and enthusiasm with the harbor of Success as our goal lying in the distance. So get together. Every-body think of the old yet ever new saying "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well;" work for and with the association and bring its standard up one more notch. Father Saurer will again be at the wheel, ever ready to lend his help and give his advice.

The Association held its first meeting on Sunday, Sept. 15, when they elected Henry Froning, Louis Nageleisen and Henry Berghoff to the offices of Pres., Sec., and Treas. On the following Sunday the Board of Appropriations was chosen which comprises the following efficient members: R. Donnelly, V. Williams, T. Quinlan, J. Nageleisen, R. Stallkamp and J. Boland. The General Managers of the different sports were also selected. The choice of General Manager of Base-Ball fell upon Geo. Hasser; R. Donnelly became Manager of Tennis; V. Williams, Manager of Basket-Ball; E. Ruczkowski, Manager of Gymnastics; and J. Boland, Manager of Foot-ball. At a later meeting T. Quinlan was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the departure of Pres. H. Froning and W. Hanley was chosen as member of the Board of Appropriations.

FOOT-BALL.

The time "when the frost is on the punkin," and "a feller is a-feelin' at his best" is once more with us and has brought out the doughty foot-ballists in full array for battle. Base-ball's dirge has been sung and King Foot-ball holds undisputed sway.

At the beginning of the season, two teams were formed and after several games, the "Varsity" squad was finally chosen from the players of these respective elevens. It comprises the following: C. Minnich, W. Dowling, C. Pfeffer, O. Muehlenbrink, P. Froning, A. Besinger, J. Wiese, M. Coughlin, J. Mulvaney, J. Kreutzer, W. Dowd, M. Green, L. McGurren, J. Frahlich, H. Engbrecht. The team has elected W. Hanley as Manager and C. Minnich as captain; and with these two capable men at the helm they will undoubtedly go through a very successful season. Captain Minnich is now putting the team through preliminary practice and is well satisfied with the outlook. Manager Hanley has not fully completed his schedule as yet, but he expects to have several interesting games in store for us.

The Minims have taken up real foot-ball spirit and have given us some rare exhibitions on the gridiron against their old rivals, the Rensselaer youngsters.

On Sunday Nov. 3, the "Varsity", lined up against the "Independents" of Rensselaer and emerged from the conflict with the larger end of the score of 6-2. The weather was ideal for foot-ball and the members of the team were in excellent condition for their initial game. Rensselaer won the toss and chose the North goal, and St. Joseph's kicked off. In the first half both sides failed to score, but the ball was in the "Independent's" territory most of the time. The half ended with the "Varsity" on Rensselaer's twenty yard line. Long kicked off for Rensselaer in the second half to Pfeffer, who returned twenty yards. Then by a series of line plunges and several long end runs, Dowling, our big fullback, was pushed over the line for a touch-down, after which he kicked goal.

Towards the close of the half, Kreutzer, whilst attempting to run out a point from behind the goal, was tackled and pushed over the line for a safety. The "Varsity" worked the forward pass successfully four different times.

Dowling and Pfeffer were the luminaries for the "Varsity," whilst Long and Parkison did the best work for the "Independents."

ASSOCIATION FOOT-BALL.

Association has been introduced at the College this year, and several lively games have been played to date. It is new to almost all of us and the rules and finer points of the game are not fully known, but with some study and practice the game should become a popular sport among the students.

BASE-BALL.

Owing to the inconsistency of the weather-man and the hurried oncome of the sharp blasts of old Boreas, Base-ball did not gain much ground here this fall, and with the issue of the world's championship series, it had already sunk to rest. However, Manager Hasser had several games, in order to find out what material is to be had for next spring's work. Nag-eleisen, Hasser, Faurot, Pfeffer, Carmody and Notheis of last year's team are again with us and with the combination of the best of the old and new luminaries we can hope for another victorious team.

TENNIS.

Tennis was the most popular game here this fall and the several different courts have never been in want of occupants. Many new experts with the racket and ball have risen in the past two months, and from appearances they will make the old stars hustle to retain the supremacy.

GYMNASTICS.

Not much has been done so far in the line of gymnastics, but Manager Ruczkowski has organized a class in gymnasium work with C. Scholl as President, T. Quinlan, Secretary, and J. Trench, Marshal. The club will begin practicing as soon as the apparatus is installed in the "gym," and we hope to see an exhibition of their craft in the near future.

Localisms.

MOST diligent Readers: When in the course of student events it becomes necessary to lay aside the regular daily routine and to assume among the staff of our College Journal the duties of Local Editor, it is altogether befitting and proper that one should engage as associate editors such men as have already established a reputation as good writers, so that with combined forces "and more advised aim" we may be able to give to the public in the best possible manner the latest happenings of life at College. With this end in view, Mr. Leo Spornhauer of St. Xavier district was commissioned to be "Ganz Ohr" to anything that might pass his way. For a like reason was chosen Mr. Albert Ritzenthaler, a humorist of no mean ability, whose reputation will hereby be securely established.

Therefore be it understood that what we MEAN we say, what we SAY we think, and what we THINK we have good reason to BELIEVE.

Louis: Say, Vurp, have you received your permission for playing foot-ball?

Vurp: (as usual) Nope! I guess I'll wait till I go home for Christmas.

Wiese: (ut videtur) Gee, that was a peachy kick of mine; but somehow not more than half the boys have said anything to me about it.

Tom: What is the matter with Buzz's impersonation of Falstaff?

Thumb: It sounds too much like "Buzz."

Otto: How is it that Sock don't sing anymore?

Tim: He heard his echo last summer.

JOVE'S HOLIDAY.

I dreamed that I was Jupiter,
And made a holiday;
Apollo drove around and said,
"Ye gods! what shall we play?"
"I've called upon the other peers,
And asked them one and all,
And they all think, and I think too,
We'd better play foot-ball."
"Agreed!" and so I took the Earth
And tossed it in the air;
"I'll be the referee," I said,
"And see that all play fair."
The game was on; Apollo ran
And made a ten mile drive,
When Atlas caught the flying sphere
And brought it back to five.
They ran, they rushed, and hit the line,
Full forty miles they cleared,
While on the stars that hung about
Each goddess sat and cheered.
They nearly reached the polar goal,
Whence Hercules was bound,
When Mercury ran round the end
And made the sole touch-down.
To see him leave the other peers
And keep the guards at bay,
The Milk Maid, looking, caught her toe
And spilled the "Milky Way."
They kicked and marked the flying sphere,
With mountain, hill and glen;
And thus the story of the game
Was handed down to men.

Dan: (explaining the curios) Here are two eggs we have had in this case for seven years.

Stoll: My, that's about as good as "cold storage."

Buescher, (addressing ten years his senior): Say, kid!"

Truly pitiable is the man with the ambition of a wit and the inclinations of a drone.

For the latest style and fit in the line of hats see Pos-jena.

What looks sourest when it looks sweetest?
Bauer's face when laughing.

THE AERIAL RACE.

The time had come, the race was on;
We scanned the western mist;
A tiny speck at last assumed
A certain shape, I wist.
A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist,
And was in sight full soon.
We boys go wild and run and shout:
"Hurrah! Balloon! Balloon!"
Across the fences, over gates,
And raise a mighty cry,
As now the basket with its crew
In sight goes sweeping by.
"But hark! the seven-thirty bell!
'Tis time for Latin class!
The Latin lesson's not prepared;
My, how the time does pass!"
We listened and looked sideways up,
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My lifeblood seemed to sip.
While all day long there floated by
The thoughts of that air-ship.

Amadeus: Oh dear, I wish I could tell mamma on some of these naughty boys!

Professor: Translate—*Milites cocta cibaria et frictum secum duxerunt*

Aloysius: The soldiers carried canned beans and roasted beef in their pockets.

All men are fools just now and then,
It seems our nature thus to be;
But even this should have an end,
Lest we be thus incessantly.